

WLS.

TYPE COPY
of Diary Kept
on Galapagos
Trip on TUNA
Boats, 1942

1.

Galapagos, 1942

June 8, 1942

Rushing passport to make airport upset McKenna no end. However, Leap's intervention got it to me by 10.00; taxi to Mus., \$.35; hopped into Stem's waiting car and made airport by 10.30. Got ticket; plane was late; got away at 11.00 a.m. Porter, \$.25.

At noon, before making Charleston, began to serve lunch, and then got a few mild bumps. Didn't amount to much, but suddenly got a good one that took everything off the trays. Couple of cases of the stuff hit the ceiling, strawberry shortcake left red stains and muck high (over window) up on side of house. Milk, peas, cider, fruit salad, buns, and what not over everybody and everything.

Lunch: Cider, 1 ripe & 1 green olive, 3 mints, 2 little containers cream, strawberry shortcake, fruit salad, filet mignon, peas, browned in gravy potato, butter, 2 rolls, 2 crackers (Ritz). Had about 2 bites meat and 1 roll before tip-up came. Two men got heads bumped, one with cut forehead, steward put mercurochrome on it. Sort of a mess on floor, seats, brief case, and toilet case. Wiped it all up. Left side my coat badly spotted. May have time for cleaner in Miami. On time at Jacksonville--hot, but nice breeze blowing. Curtains were kept shut most of way down.

Because of customs and immigration, etc., had to leave downtown office of Pan Am at 4:45 a.m., so got to bed about 10.00 p.m.. Didn't sleep well because of humidity in spite of nice breeze. Got rained on in airport before and after dinner (Childs' steak dinner, "not so hot"). Nothing much to do.

Last ~~ni~~ evening had my duffle bag passed by customs men down town who were very nice about special passport, so I took out soft grip to hand up coat. That's where I made my mistake, for on morning of 9th at customs inspection, did they treat me rough. Wanted to see everything, and so mussed things up that I wished I had had grip passed last night and left coat in it (could have passed

messages in shirt boards) and several had electric razors which, due to large size, could have contained anything. Special passport is no good as far as American customs are concerned. What's not sealed is looked at a second time just before pass through gate to plane. Camera film serious contraband, and so unexposed film was sent back to Washington. Hope Olmsted can take care of it for me. If Customs were only half as nice as Pan Am it would all be hunky dory.

Stopped at Camaguey. Was nice and cool. Cool breeze and not humid, at least so you could notice it as in Miami. Served coffee, but I didn't take any. Usual thing in Latin America--building a new airport building next door but it's not half so picturesque as old one, but will have a bar in it.

Lots of shoal water on north side of Cuba; looks like what I imagine Bahamas would look like from air. Window curtains were not pulled, at least cardboards were not put up until before Balboa, but we were still well out to sea when they did put them up.

Got in about 2:00 p.m. Zetek, as usual, was there. Can always depend on him. Have things better arranged now, chicken runs taking you up to desks. Called you in line by name. Army officer's daughter called first; Chief Bos'n Randolph next; yours truly, with special passport, third.

Went to Zetek's home, called up Van Hook, Admin. C.O. Got his secretary, who knew nothing about me. Cummings was out, but she made me a date with him for 11.00 on 10th of June. Went around to Allens' but nobody home. Had ice cream at Zeteks' and talked about things. Then went back to Allens' and found her home. She works as bookkeeper in War Dept. He is with Zone outfit. Are saving for return to States to finish school. (Should tell Elmer D. Merrill about him for scholarship at right time.)

We had dinner together and then drove over to bridge, but it was closed for an hour (supposedly) to let carrier or ship through. They use smudge pots to

make smoke screen. Was nice and cool. At dinner had "filet of beef," toughest thing I ever struck anywhere--more like sole ~~leather~~ leather. Returned it and got chicken. Music was so loud and bang-bang, could hardly think, let alone talk. Afterwards took me out to New Bridge.

To bed near ten, up at 5:30 for shower and shave. Breakfast at 6:45, to Zetek's after letters. Who should drop in but Cabanillas, and I was glad to see him. He took me to Cummings' office. Passed me on street in an official car and recognized me, but I didn't hear. So he delivered other officer and dropped in to see me at Zetek's.

Saw Cummings, who remembered me from time Picking introduced me. By Cummings was handed over to Lt. Commander W. C. Russel, and he called on Lt. Comdr. Drouilet, who has charge of transportation. Probably will go over on a tuna clipper on Monday. (This is Wed., June 10.)

June 10, 1942. Cont.

Cummings invited me to dinner at 6.30, and asked Allens, too. Cocktail half and half grapefruit juice and rum with ice.

Went back to Zetek's to tell him that I probably would leave Monday. Had lunch with them: (1) Beef soup with noodles; (2) avocado, mellow and mild, eat raw, no salt, either, is grand. (3) Cubed beets (salad) with lettuce; (4) salmon loaf mixture, but not in loaf shape, baked I guess; (5) rice (natural), looked like our wild rice. (6) Beef and (7) potatoes crumbly, nice, but not smooth mashed; (8) canned pears.

After Zetek top wire for Wetmore, back to communications officer. Walked back to Allens' place (but did not stop at Zetek's), wrote letters. Went back to Zetek to get address Ecuadorian Consul. Got back in time dress for dinner.

Naval reservation where Cummings lives is grand place, nicely landscaped. Dinner: beef, mashed potatoes, brussels sprouts, lettuce and tomato salad, strawberry ice cream. Coffee upstairs afterwards. Mrs. Cummings in States.

Conversation general; Islands not mentioned except I showed Baroness pictures. Left around 9:30, bed at 10.00.

June 11, 1942.

Up at 5.45, off to Zetek's at 8.00. Went to Zetek's at 8.00 a.m. Called Cabanillas re dinner, can't leave Zone. The Panama business is feeling slump all right. Ella took me shopping to buy keds, cake of soap, and flashlight batteries. Back to put up her car and then took taxi to Ecuadorian Consul. He would not give visa; said I had to see Ecuadorian Minister; he said I'd have to get letter from Embassy, and that's what I'm waiting for.

Part of trouble--and it lost me some time--the black taxi driver didn't know his way around, not even where Avenida Cuba is, and it's the street on which the Panama Museum is located. Finally cruised around until he found it. Had to ask a dozen people. And from there had to see American Ambassador, who kindly fixed up letter. One of taxi driver's excuses while hunting was, "You know they move every month."

Ecuadorian Minister was very nice, said to save cost of cabling, letter from our Ambassador would be sufficient. (He would be glad to consider a letter from our Ambassador sufficient.) Went to the Embassy, but got in hands of vice consul. He got a letter from the Consul General, Mr. Andrews, but he addressed it to Ecuadorian Consul General, so it didn't help.

Carrying big heavy sack upstairs (diplomatic pouch?) the small old ~~man~~ janitor had to take the heavy down end and the soldier guard the heavy front end.

At the Embassy, however, I got into hands of consular officers and the letter I got was not addressed to the Minister at all. Went back ~~there~~ then and found the ~~man~~ minister gone. Went down to Naval headquarters, called Cabanillas, who came over to see me; went up and saw Drouillet. He said weather stunt would be grand and that if we were to include radiosonde work we couldn't do better from both Navy's and Army's point of view. Army man out in Islands (Armstrong?).

June 11, 1942

At bathing beach saw *Pachygrapsus crassipes* (?) or *Hemigrapsus* and one *Petrolisthes* on float, over in sand between rocks on beach one *Panopeus*, large, 3 inches across, carapace.

Cabanillas took me to the Embassy and Ecuadorian minister and then down to Eastman shop where he had to return a camera. Then brought me back here with invite to go swimming at 4.00 p.m.

Since leaving Washington have not been discommoded by rain except in Washington, where I first got damp, and in Miami, where we were sprinkled both when disembarking and when we boarded plane next morning. Got wettest then in line and people slowly filed through plane door. Also got wet in night after dinner returning to hotel in Miami. As a result coat was a mess. Tropic-tex may sound all right, but it's terrible, rough-dried looking stuff after a dampening. Serge (blue suit) never did that. Hang all these "fancy" civilized suitings that can only be dry cleaned. Same trouble with palm beach.

Never realized how terrible Zetek's accident was--two surgical operations and silver plate because bone was shattered so badly.

Between 3.00 and 4.00 was home (Allens') cooling off. Cabanillas came by at 4.00 for swim and we met Mary Arosemena, whose car furnished transportation. Met Ecuadorian minister at bathing pool. Said everything about passport was O.K. and that it was the only consent he'd given (to civilian). "Only time it's been done."

The blackout after 11.00 p.m. is total. Before that, dim out, all lights must be shielded, no direct light to see thrown out of doors or out of windows. Auto headlights first shielded, then painted red except for bottom strip, and now are ~~xxx~~ black painted except for little slot in middle. No end of autos on street. And the little poky street cars, which after all beat walking, have

been discontinued. In C.Z., indeed tracks have been pulled up and the place cemented over. Now the laborers seem to be hauled in trucks, which means rubber, as do little buses running everywhere. When rubber goes, I guess they'll put street cars back, at least tracks on Panama side are still in place, fortunately.

Practice barrage buttons over air field.

June 12, 1942.

Overslept this a.m., so shaved and bathed after breakfast. Rainy day, and it rained off and on most all day; regular Cocos Id. downpour at one time while I was at Zetek's waiting for Cabanillas.

Wrote letter to Clarence (another in afternoon about film), and longer one to Wetmore. (Mailed McCain letter.)

Unpacked duffle bag, went over to Club to see if I could phone Russell, but line 6 deep around phone, and commissary has had public phone taken out. So there was nothing to do but go by Zetek's. From there after several tries I did get Cabanillas, but couldn't raise Russell. Didn't get José until 11.30, but, despite heaviest rain of day, he came for me in station wagon, but by driving under house we had no trouble getting in and out dry.

At Embassy didn't take but a few minutes. Goodyear had passport all ready, and to save time beat it right out again. Cabanillas waited down in car. He let me off at Morrison's in Ancon for seeds (for Wittmers), but only seeds were Nicotiana, 4 or 5 old packages, and 3 of "herbs."

It began to rain heavily just about time I left Morrison. Girl inside told me to go across the street for seeds, but they had none, so I tried a little farther along, but no luck. Got pretty bedraggled looking. Got taxi back to Y. Had lunch (all black waitresses and counter boys, and girls black, too, where all were white before). Hung around after lunch at & waiting for rain to stop.

Finally, wet or not, started for Allens' and got there pretty bedraggled. Their maid pressed suit for me and so about time rain let up pretty much, around 2.00 p.m., I got out to Club to phone Russell. Learned that arrangements had been made O.K., and that I would be notified in plenty of time to board ship. After phoning (the rain had stopped), I started for the commissary to get few socks (work socks) and who should pass in car but Cabanillas, who took me home, and of whom I asked advice re radio sonde. Said idea was O.K.

Shortly afterward Dorothy came home and I went over to mail two letters and got ice cream. Talked over Ids. after dinner, and who should walk in but Jim Korner.

Stamps wet and very gummy at night when we are cool and sleep under a sheet. Dry during day when our clothes get soaking wet with perspiration.

June 13, 1942.

After breakfast to Zetek's, then walked to Panama RR. Sta. via near Tivoli by way of Ancon, then to Cathedral, and then home by way of street car tracks. Met P.L. Hurd and Brown. Former was with Mallard. Talked over old times. After walk, had lunch at Y. Went to Club to phone Robbie, but could not find her or school in directory. Saw Hurd again bowling, got shine, took shower, and wrote Alvina note.

Clear and sunny today, nice breeze, very comfortable. Yesterday rain, but otherwise no trouble with weather at all, this week June 9-13, 1942. Allens both got off at 4.00 p.m.; fooled around until dinner time taking life easy. Went to Balboa. Sat around until 10.00 with newspaper and book and phonograph. Paul Allen is very fond of good music--Haydn (Miracle Symphony) and Grieg A minor. Has a lot of records all along these lines, and record changing phonograph. Bought me a palm beach with tight pants.

June 14, Sunday.

Up late at 8.00 a.m.

Zetek's for noon meal. Cocktail, tomato soup, bread, coyote stuffed, salad lettuce, spathetti and tomato sauce, ham baked, rice, tomatoes, green veg., buns, canned peaches, angel cake, after dinner coffee. Left about 1:15 p.m. to give them chance at siesta.

Shall try to see Conant and McIntire with copy of Zetek notes.

Seeing microscope mould affected is believing (x-ray film). Termite studies along. If let die now might never revive and we should be greatest losers.

Botanic Gardens economic. British, Dutch, wherever colonies have paid for themselves many times over.

Fred Whaler this afternoon. Family relations man in zone. Duke Sutherland re Daphne climb. Sopwith Miami, salary and expenses, 1500 paid. With sail-fish record. Mandel & Cuban wife. Lewis & secretary. Trenholm. Woods fish man.

Write Judge about Trenholm.

Larvicide fish poison.

McClure contractor Progresso pipe-line [Chatham Island] ; dam landing, road passable all weather. Ducks in lagoon 2 miles North of Tagus by thousands?

Penguin rookery eggs between Nov. or Dec. and May; never been there after May.

South side Narborough. Large lagoon and pools full of "remarkable" sea fish. Also one place where marine iguanas may yet be found in immense numbers.

Fox has promised subsidy. 6 mos. trip. Sea turtles upon beach in daylight because available space so limited; some many weeks later young escape, those in day time birds get. Only night escapees have chance [and, I would add, fish get those].

^h
~~Walers~~ from 1.30 until 6.00. Met wife. Family lives with him; so keeps on to ~~provide patriarchal~~ provide "patriarchal" home I would say. Youngest of three sons married, all live in house. Army & Navy fight over shore front; each, to keep other out, built 3 large barracks right out in front.

Whaler. Duke Sutherland and wife and friend. Navy got radio shack in anyway.

Mr. Evans in charge of mechanical shops. Charming is word. Daughter married to Smyth in the State Dept. Wife paints flowering trees of Panama. Mr. and Mrs. Evans have a wonderful kodachrome of Dinner at Tivoli. Evans knew Safford in old River Plate days.

Send copy Aegla paper to Evans.

Write Melville re Murphy.

Ricardo Palmer, Tradiciones Peruana.

Murphy Choco paper to Evans.

Write about yellow fever virus--mice and jaundice. Trip to Colombia.

At 2.00 p.m. had date with Komp. He had with him two men from Rockefeller Foundation (yellow fever work); were going down to West Coast Colombia for yellow fever Virus. Had self contained field labs in one kit box, including even live mice for all tests and collections. On side I hear that yellow fever virus (serum) they have has produced yellow (jaundice-like) sickness in soldiers treated. Apparently picked up some other virus or strain in mice used. Soldiers treated got real yellow and some very sick. Looks like a modified form of yellow fever?

June 15, 1942. Monday.

After breakfast went to phone Cabanillas, but as he'd gone, gave ring to Long, who said he'd check up. Went to Zetek's to await answer, which I got from his secretary. That I would be notified--same answer as when I called Russell Friday.

Had lunch with Whaler at 2.00 p.m. Saw Komp; are drilling five 1,000 foot wells; long runway, Army killed iguanas with pistols and let carcasses die, same with large birds, I guess made a bad fly pest. Mullet in salt pool at extreme south end South Seymour mosquitoes, larvicide to bring up mosquito larvae; cyanide bottle; pill boxes.

Will need boats. 2 big portable stills. 400 Ecuadorians, need water. Several Chatham. Will contaminate everything with intestinal and hook worms.

Paid bread and butter call on Cummings after supper at Diablo Club House. Lynch at Cristobal all day, was working at night in warehouse.

June 16, 1942. Tuesday.

Wrote Wetmore and Bryant for slides. Bought Time and Scientific American, read them, and did little else. This waiting around is the dickens.

To dinner with Walter Koerbers at Tivoli. Bought "Maid in Panama," which they suggested. Saw his grand photos and her paintings, some very excellent.

June 17, 1942. Wednesday.

Dorothy made hamburg steaks for dinner with spinach cabbage, and baked bread fruit! Was like firm spoon-bread, mealy and dry, but fine with salt and butter. Allens used pepper, too. Ice cream for dessert. The vanilla ice cream is grand here. Best I know of, or so it seems. Spent evening at home, sort of waiting ~~for~~ for Komp, who had been by at 4.30 p.m., but couldn't

wait. I was only 15 minutes behind that. Had gone bird-hunting; might as well do that as loaf. Got list of at least 14 and saw a few I couldn't pin down.

1. Vulture
2. Cormorant
3. Swift
4. Robin
5. Grackle
6. Ani
7. Plain breasted dove.
8. Blue tanager
9. Crimson-backed tanager
10. ? Palm tanager
11. Blue-black grassquit
12. Seed eater (yellow bill
(black head
(yellowish under parts
13. Humming bird.
14. Flycatcher, Panama ?

Saw several different fly catchers, shrike, or kingbird, 3 or 4 more species than I have listed.

June 18, 1942. Thursday.

After breakfast went birding on way to Zetek's. Saw first woodpecker on concrete gargoyle on church, apparently was digging around in trash in trough on top of arm extending out from ^{wall?} way. At Zetek's had planned to make arrangements to go to Barro Colorado.

Allen Book of Trees and commoner shrubs, including palms (with paragraph giving list of other species in genus; with keys to months of flowering and colors).

See Lee about roving commission to collect; good will; take students with him from each country and return to that country named set of plants.

At Rockefeller; see Gregg re Borgmeir publication, couple hundred a year.

Saw Zetek at 9.00 a.m. and after talking matter of going to Barro Colorado over, it seemed good opening to ask Russel if it would be safe for me to go. At 11.00 went up Headquarters-way and saw Russel and put simple question to

him: Would it be safe for me to go? He said no, we'll let you know tomorrow afternoon.

June 19, 1942.

On 20th I learned that Fred Whaler had been looking for me on 19th to deliver me a note from Tucker McClure, to his representative on ground, Tom Woodward. He came after I had gone up to Allens' and he caught me there at 4.30.

This a.m. had some of heaviest rains I'd seen yet. Just before a light down[pour] Ella came to tell me that I'd had a phone call to call up Headquarters, 5:15. Rain started as I got my clothes changed, dashed out to car. It poured when we got to Zetek's. On phone I learned I was to go aboard by 4.00 p.m. at Pier 18G. Then I called Komp re mosquito coll. kit and getting me down to dock. He said O.K., but you need pass, which gave me clue ~~xxxxxxx~~ to go up to see Russell re same; and also to get letter entitling me to facilities at Base Beta.

I got to Zetek's with Ella about 9.00 and had to wait about two hours through about the hardest downpour I'd ever seen. Toward 11.00 a.m. rain showed signs of letting up. So Ella drove me up to Headquarters and said she would wait. Russel was grand and prepared brief letter authorizing passage for me, which letter they learned from Army would serve as pass to dock. On going to Cummings to say goodbye he asked "What are you going to do out there?" and when I mentioned I'd like also to try trip up Indefatigable Mt., it dawned on me that I'd need letter to commandant of base, and asked for it. He said "Ask Mr. Russell for it." And Russell gave me a ~~xxxxx~~ grand letter. I mentioned Indefatigable, and when I asked him to make it more general, he made it so. With time out for lunch and little visit to see Whaler, it was soon time to meet Komp, who came by to take me to dock. Got down with all luggage, was wringing wet, too.

Learned after I was aboard that boat would not leave before Saturday late forenoon, so went back to have dinner with Allens and then to go with them to Evans. He kindly showed us his color movies of flowering trees, San Blas Indians, and the like. Was really very fine and beautiful colors. Along about 10.00 Allens dropped me at dock and I turned in. I don't think Captain quite...

June 20, 1942.

Woke up about 6.00 a.m., breakfast at 7.00 a.m. At 11.00 a.m. found I'd left photos at Allens and then heard that we would go at 12.00 and it was too late to go uptown. Then learned it would be 1.00 p.m., because had to wait for opening of submarine net, which left me time. So I got them; luckily found maid at home. It was 10 minutes of 2.00 when we finally shoved off. On board "Liberty," that was.

Half the crew, including Captain, who with his brother, is part owner of this tuna boat, have been on many fishing trips with it. Frank Gonsalves is C.O. and owner, his brother is along as... Salvatore is also a fisherman, and M. Luz.

Breakfast fruit juice, Klim, and breakfast food, hot cakes and syrup. No coffee? Missed lunch uptown. Dinner: salad (? apples with lots of raisins), hashed fried potatoes, meat loaf, vegetable? Cold cocoa. Coffee is taken by boys on watch all through day and night.

190 tons \$2,100 per man, 3 week cruise, due to present high prices during war. ~~Get so tired lifting fish wet with salt water, burns them under arms, a little leather apron for pole rest, chafes legs, have to keep going. And passing fish back to hold is back breaking work. Like larger fish for passing. Not so much slopping on to ice.~~

Joke

Store was so crowded that when I reached around to scratch
my back three girls slapped my face.

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Off Albemarle Pt. and over to Redonde rock good tuna. Between Revilla-
where
~~xxxxxx~~ gegados and Virgin? Rock 90 tons in 2 hrs. Down toward/Banks Bay
enters Tagus channel some remarkable hauls. Malpelo several boats filled up at
one time.

Wahoos dangerous to pick up. One man had throat badly cut. One of men
aboard here _____ was bitten across base of thumb and has
a bad scar to show for it, because when he puts a strain on it, it tends to
break open, in spite of fact he tapes it. Get awfully tired when fish run well.
One time in Galapagos got such large tuna had to put 4 poles on, use live bait
on hook with large fish, because if ball strikes fish they tend to go down
(disappear) with bait, wait for fish to take hook gives men rest. Get so tired
lifting fish ^{wet} ~~went~~ with salt water, burns them under arms, a little leather apron
for pole rest, chafes legs, have to keep going. And passing fish back to
hold is back-breaking work. Like larger fish for passing--not so much slopping
on to ice. Little fish have to stoop too ~~mf~~ much and often. But big fish are
so hard to lift with poles. When one line of 4 poles breaks, fish gets away.
Salvatore says he likes 15-20 fish for pole fishing, goes quick and easy. One
time off Revillagegados (between them and Consag Rock) got 125 tons one day,
but lost a man overboard, and would have made more but for time lost looking
for him. Was so tired probably went right down. Wear boots, with exhaustion
is just too much.

June 21, 1942. Sunday.

Rain squalls all last night and this morning. Quite rough last night, lot of sliding around in bunk. Everybody was yawning and sleepy all morning as result. Some heavy rain here at 10.30, it's pouring again. One doesn't have time to get up and down from room dry between showers.

Roast chicken, mashed potatoes, bread, butter, gravy, turnips, cold cocoa.

Little Ecuadorian "pooch" picked up at Salinas. Eats everything, including soap, licks and nibbles at nails in deck grating. Very fond of cook, who reciprocates affection.

Malpelo. Endeavour 300 tons at Malpelo just about time war started, when call went out beat it for home.

Liberty was all set to head south at time; had to unload everything, even medicine chest; later was asked why didn't leave stuff on. Originally was told to move stuff off or it would be thrown off. Now could use paint, medicine, etc. Tuna boats always carried complete medical kits, including instruments of various kinds and clips for bad cuts.

Running with no lights, none are lit, so when it gets dark, we just turn in. No writing or reading. Sort of risky without lights, but it's war time.

Left Sat. at 1.50, hot and sunny. Sunday overcast, rainy. Started late Saturday evening and continued all night. Sunday first half cloudy, second half sunny; but cloudy at sunset, no color except little red at horizon behind clouds. Saturday night didn't see sun.

1. Sat. June 20
2. Sunday, June 21
3. Monday, June 22
4. Tuesday, June 23
5. Wednesday, June 24
6. Arrived Thursday, June 25

June 22, 1942. Monday.

Malpelo photo'd at 8.00 a.m. Saw it much earlier.

Fried eggs, breakfast food, toast, orange juice.

This a.m. passed Malpelo. Coolish, overcast day. Pictures of Malpelo taken in "dark" blue grey sky and background. About 11.00 the sky cleared overhead and sun came out and I acquired a first bit of sunburn, more on one (right) side than on left. Ocean much quieter today. Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night rough and unpleasant. Today, Monday, nice and quiet, but decidedly cool. Fellows in part broke out sweaters today. The Humboldt current is making its presence felt 'way up here.

Have been taking cold shower each a.m. at 5:30 - 5:45, to bed at 8.00 p.m. (8.15 or 8.30). Lights completely out at that time and everything thereafter is done in the dark--and dark without alleviation.

June 23, 1942. Tuesday.

Leaden day, overcast, and coolish, no sun; very dim shadow. Breakfast comes at 7.00 a.m., lunch at 11.30, dinner between 4.30 and 5.00.

Have nice radio which belonged to fish boat. Great relief and pleasure; along riding/in dusk (twilight) with tango music and the waves slipping by, might as well be on your own private yacht.

These boys of Portuguese extraction are a fine, able lot; have made their mark and are getting somewhere in this world. The Gonsalves' own this vessel and have successfully run it a number of years. I have enjoyed getting acquainted with them--fine Americans, an asset to any nation calling them citizens and sons. One of the younger boys who helps cook clean up seems cleaner than cook about some things. And would, if running galley, keep towels cleaner. Washed the ash trays yesterday, said he hated to see dirty ash trays sitting around. Italian Carmoti, said to be a journeyman carpenter. Crowd aboard,

especially chief engineer, kidded him about kind of carpenter he was.

June 24, 1942. Wednesday

With adverse winds and overcast weather; have only had sun a couple of hours since leaving Panama. Like California, unusual weather. Heavily overcast all the way; only sun was day before yesterday when I got burnt on my right side (arm and leg) and practically none on left (this was Monday).

This tuna clipper outfit joined navy when vessel was taken over and now ^{don't} doesn't know when they will get home. Out of 18 or 19 larger tuna boats commandeered by Navy immediately on outbreak of war (Jap attack) only about ~~xxxx~~ 4 or 5 are functioning regularly. Those are only ones with their original engineers on board. Navy does not seem to have general all around Diesel men that fish boats need or, rather, develop. Have a general all around man who can do everything himself, electrical, plumbing, machinery, carpentry, or what not. In regular navy, knowledge is strictly compartmentized. Would pay them to have fewer men (for training at least) that commercial operations to be profitable must accept to make a go of it,--then each would get the more versatile training required of the commercial engineers. The several assistants and "fireman" aboard here are getting just that training.

Cook's dept. Our man cook, not baker, so never had pies. Did make pretty heavy (molasses between layers) cake once with white icing on top.

Raised San Cristobal in distance this afternoon. Now lying off waiting to make time right for getting to South Seymour shortly after breakfast. Now the sun is nice and clear, hazy in distance however.

Army doesn't want us. Has no power. Navy can spare 10 kilowatts, also water and mess, without much difficulty up to 6 men.

June 25, 1942. Thursday. Expect arrive fairly early in a.m.

Got here around 8.00 a.m. Went ashore in boat with Capt. and Kittle, who was one time a Mus. guard about 3 yrs. ago, and was called back into service. Ashore met Lt. (Capt. here) Chase and Knox, public works officer in charge of all installations, including evaporation.

Army used to bring water from Cocos Ids. by tuna boat they had; was needed in Atlantic, so not here any longer. Only difficulty in setting up building herenow is that base may be shifted soon and so location would not be permanent or even permitted. After Navy shifted this base at South Channel Army said no, saying planned machine gun practice there, no chance at all, but added that Navy planned a B.C. base there. This would be just up our alley because it would give us boats across channel, and place to get facilities now available at Beta.

Sanitation by Navy. Ecuadorian cops with billies hammered down Ecuadorians so they would sit down. All pick up and eat any garbage or food scraps thrown on ground. Killing of animals out.

June 26, 1942

Evidently not entered. See official letters to Wetmore.

June 27, 1942. Saturday.

Overcast. Indefatigable peaks clouded. Left Beta 7.05 a.m., making altitude passed Conway Bay. Passed Tower at 7.32 a.m. Passed Bowditch ca. 8.20. Three tuna boats at 8.55 a.m. fishing. Crew of 8 plus 4 passengers. Uneventful trip, nice meals, plenty to eat. Midday lunch or dinner as good as eastern air lines and more plentiful. Would like to get metal trays like that for home. Airlines use plastic trays.

Arrived at Allens about 6.00 and we talked until late. Took shower and then ate dinner.

June 28, 1942. Sunday.

Slept through until 8.00 a.m. after turning in at 10.00 p.m.

June 29, 1942. Monday.

Dried plants first thing. Zetek's at 9.00, with him to Pan Am office in Panama, which sent me to air field office, which sent me to Col. W. C. Christy, who gave me priority #4 for Thursday, from him to Culp for slides priority. From Culp back to airport for ticket, from ticket back to passport at Administration Building. Got to Fred Whaler at 12:15; stayed until 2.00.

Saw Cummings and Drouillet until 3.00. Then to James Baker, Major in Army, re meteorological work. Very enthused over prospect, hopes we'll get started soon.

R.? Elliott Bailey, of Lima, Peru, with Pan Am weather service. Minnesota man as are Bailey and Fleet. Also all M.I.T. men. Stayed with Bailey till near ~~5x00~~ five-thirty p.m. Got back to Allens and Dorothy drove me over to Komp's, left note on door for them to go to dinner with us.

Saturday when we got in everything was wet; passed through quite a bit of rain during day and at Atlantic side spent quite a bit of time circling around before making landing. At Mount Hope learned that they had had about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. of heaviest rain for long time (years, I want to say).

Allens, between 2.00 and 3.00, also had terrific downpour, heaviest I've ever seen in Panama. So hard and driving in window that I had to cover over foot of bed nearest window and pull it away (as far as I could) from window.

Paul had been out all day (Sunday) getting plants for Army re shorts business (to save cloth) for examination by Congressional committee working on the matter, in order to show them how risky it was to be in outlying camps (in jungle and bush) if shorts were made standard uniform. Paul got in cold and wet to skin near 6 o'clock.

Today, Monday, June 29, 1942.

Astor 2 signed on as stenogs or ship workers with all articles protecting owner signed.

June 30, 1942. Tuesday

Overslept for about third time down here.

Duvall, Capt. Port, at 3.30 to 4.00 p.m.

3.00 p.m. James Baker.

2.00 p.m. Whaler

11.30 - 2.00, Robbie, looking for Ella.

July 1, 1942. Evening

Evans had us to dinner before lecture and on way over car lights wouldn't work. (Car lights N.G.; daughter Mrs. Smythe). Mr. Evans used flashlight out of one side, Dorothy Allen out of other. Quite a handful of people; with questions did not break up till near 10.00 p.m.

Gave my little talk this evening; guess it went all right if folks meant what they said. I certainly felt punk not having the slides, but got by without them somehow.

All forenoon ran around after air express and just got more disgusted with it.

Made goodbyes to Russell, Cummings, and Graffin and Drouillet. Mrs. Komp came by Zetek's at 9.35, and took me to airport and left me there with luggage.

Write Zieg about June 26 Life. Jap soldiers did not have shorts.

July 2, 1942.

Had to go to airport at 10.00 a.m. for baggage inspection. Went to Zetek's

[first, and there met Lt. Zieg and Sgt. Dobie, with 9 plants that Allen collected.

We have some damned funny "sales" psychology with regard to the Japs. Stripping hardware from hotels is neither destructiveness nor wantonness.

July 3, 1942.

To airport at 5.30. Got off at 6.30.